

The Yearbook

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Summary: Hairspray 2007 Oneshot. The Larkin girls find an old yearbook, forcing Link to reminisce. Trink. R&R!

The Yearbook

AN: Well this is my first proper fic, me and some friends wrote a parody-sort, but anyways... a muse just took over, and.. the product is this. Thanks to C.S. who helped me get it just right. As for the disclaimer, I do not own Hairspray (sadly) or Zac Efron (even more sad..) so enjoy, and review!

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****The Yearbook****

Link Larkin scrubbed at a particularly stubborn bit of food left on the lunch dishes. He heard the screech of laughter from his two daughters, and shook his head, smiling. They took after their mother, inheriting her happy disposition. Chelsea, seven, had her mother's chocolate eyes while Carly, five, possessed eyes that, if possible, were a deeper blue than his own. Both the girls had dark brown hair, taken from their parents. A crashing caused the laughter to cease, and then the thunder of feet running downstairs.

Carly ran in, closely followed by her sister. "Daddy! Chelsea gave Cha-mmph!" Chelsea had clamped her hand over Carly's mouth. Link laughed, but gave his oldest daughter a stern look, causing her to release her sister.

"I didn't mean to Daddy, really. It was an accident!" Chelsea looked worried, and kept glancing up the stairs.

"It wasn't an accident! She wanted to give him a bath!" Carly giggled, and hid behind her father's legs after seeing the glare she was receiving from her sister.

"Give a bath to who?" Link raised his eyebrow, and looked from one girl to another.

"Charlie!" Chelsea looked angrily at her sister for ratting her out, and hung her head.

Obviously realizing she was caught, she said, "I only wanted to wash his fur. I didn't know he would hate it so much! I love the bath. But as soon as I put him in the water, he jumped on the counter, andâ€¦ and he broke Mama's mirror."

As she said this, a cat, drenched and leaving a trail of water behind him, flew down the stairs and out the cat flap in the back door.

"Poor Charlie," Link said, his eyes twinkling. He got down on his knees and hugged his daughters. "I'm not angry, Chelsea. But next time you want to bath the cat, come check with me or your Momma, you hear?" They nodded. "Now I'm going upstairs to clean up that glass, so why don't you two go find something to do?" They ran off and Link grabbed a dustpan and broom, and headed for the second floor of their home.

Returning with a dustpan full of glass shards, he disposed of them, and finished cleaning up the kitchen. Looking out the window, he saw it was still pouring rain outside, and sighed. He has planned to take the girls to the park, while his wife was helping a friend decorate a baby nursery. But his plans had been abolished by torrential down pours; he was forced to think quickly to keep the girls busy. Entering the living room with the idea of a puzzle, he found his daughters pouring over a book.

"What do you guys have there?" he questioned, peering over their shoulders to see what they were looking at. "Oh!" he said quietly.

"What is it Daddy?" Carly asked.

"It's my yearbook from-" He turned the book to look at the cover, "-from 1963." Flipping through the pages he spotted photographs of people he had known for years, but whom had long since left his memory.

"Why is everybody's hair so silly?" Chelsea said, laughing.

"Because, darlin', that was the style back then. Look." He pointed to his picture in which he had his trademark curly-cue, much to his daughters' delight.

"But Daddy! You look so ridiculous!" Carly squealed.

Link continued to flip through the book, coming across a picture of Amber Von Tussle. He stared at her, feigning a smile at the camera. Never, in the three years he dated her, did he ever see a real smile on her face. He thought of his beautiful wife, Tracy Turnblad, with her full figure and larger-than-life personality. They had been married happily for nine years, and he saw about ninety more to come.

After the Miss Teenage Hairspray pageant, Link had asked Tracy to be his girlfriend, and she had accepted. He was immune to the icy stares he received from Amber and her crowd - they meant nothing. He thought of how when Tracy had first become a regular on Corny Collins, he was very apprehensive about her. Here was a girl who was so different from Amber and the other girls he had dated. She was truthful, fun, and wanted to do what was right.

He then reminisced on the moment he knew Tracy was the one for him. It was a year or two since he and Trace had been dating, and he called her 'babe'. Now at one point in time, this word was one of the most used in his vocabulary, but it had not been used since he broke up with Amber. He always called Amber babe. She was his babe. But he always called Tracy, well Tracy, or Trace. But never babe. She was his Tracy - babe didn't seem to convey her personality, or his love for her. He was so glad she had come into his life, making him realize that Amber was certainly not what he wanted in a relationship.

"Hey Daddy, who's this girl?" Carly pointed at Amber, noticing her father staring at her photograph.

"Oh, she was a babe, but no one important." He said. They all heard the door click and in walked Tracy, stopping from her walk to the house from the car.

"Hey girls!" she called, opening her arms to her daughters, waiting for a hug. They dashed to her, ignoring the fact that they too were now very wet. Their mother released them, and tossed her bag on a chair. "And hello to you," she smiled at her husband coyly, looking into his eyes. He embraced her and gently pressed his lips upon hers, feeling her tug at his bottom lip.

Carly and Chelsea shrieked, and Chelsea boldly called, "Get a room!"

Link looked up at them, and stuck his tongue out. "Hello Tracy," he near whispered. She smiled, a smile so bright, Link thought they could save a lot of money on electricity.

Always wanting to be the center of attention, Carly popped up in between her parents, saying, "Hey Mama, look what Chelsea taught me today!" She took a running start down the hallway, and did a cartwheel.

"Honey, that's amazing. You'll never see me do a cartwheel!" She walked into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. Closing the door, she said, "Link, would you mind running down to the store? I was going to make chicken casserole for dinner tonight, but we ran out of cheese." I could have sworn we had some this morning."

"Oh sorry doll, we had grilled cheese for lunch. But I can nip our right now, and pick some up." Tracy smiled at him, and nodded.

"Thanks baby," she said, grabbing Link's hands and doing a few twirls around the kitchen. He kissed her forehead and headed for the door, grabbing the keys to the car. Before closing the door behind him, he winked at Tracy. She fluttered her eye lashes in a comic fashion,

laughed and shooed him out the door.

Tracy went into the living room where the two young girls had resumed looking through the yearbook. Settling on the sofa, she patted the spots beside her. "What do you two have there? Bring it up here for Mama to look." Her daughters sat down, and again, Carly pointed at the small, blonde girl.

"Mama, who's this girl?"

"She was a horrible person," Carly frowned. "but your daddy and I showed her." Tracy smiled triumphantly. "Exactly how we showed her, however, is a story for another time - I want you guys to show me that dance routine I taught you!"

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>AN[2: Thanks for getting this far. R&R!<p><p>

oh, PS: If anybody has any FF.. what are they called, challenges, or whatever, let me know. I like participating in them :)

End
file.